

A Dittie

In the worthe praise of an high
and mightie Prince.

When heapes of beaue hap, had filld my harte right full,
And sorrow set forth pensiuenes, my ioyes away to pull:
I raunged then the woods, I romde the fields aboute,
A thousand sighes I set at large, to seeke their passage out.
And walkyng in a dompe, or rather in dispaire,
I cast my weeping eye a side, I saw a fielde full faire:
And lokyng vpwarde than, I spied a Mount therein,
Which *Flora* had euen for her life, deat as you haue not seen.
Then could I not but thinke the same some sacred place,
Where God or Goddes such did dwell, as might releue my case:
I sat me downe, for whie? Death could but stop my breath,
And to a man so sorrowfull, what sweter is then death?
No soner was I set, but slepe approcht mine eye,
Wherein the *Pymphes of Helicon* appeared by and by.
And straight those sisters nine, the ground of Musicks arte,
By thought did strue who might preuaile, to ease my beaue harte.
The cunning they shewed there, the subtil notes they sounge,
As w a wret elene from my hart (my thought) the cares they wong:
Celestiall were the notes, which then (amazde) I hearde,
Their ditties eke were wonderfull, note ye whome they preferde.
As for thy bloud (q they) right noble we confesse,
Thy pettigree (to long for vs) the Herald can expresse.
But happie happie Duke, the second chyld of Fame,
Which (next vnto the highest) he doth so recoumpt the same.
And happie Thomas ones, twise happie *Posfolke* toe,
Thise happie men that leade your liues, where Howard hath to doe:
Which Howards happie daies, they prated God to encrease,
Thise times the space of *Natures* course, like *Nessor* liue in peace.
What age hath seen his like, so free of purse and tounge?
Where liues a iustice now, though rare in one so young:
What plaint can there be tolde, to his most godlie eare?
But that he kepes the other skyll, the blamed soule to heare:
In mekenes he moze meke, then is the mekest Doue,
Yet is his secret wisdom such, he knoweth whome to loue:
In frendship, he surmounts *Gisippus* and his *Tite*,
All Nobles may well note his race, and thereby take their lighte.
In peace a *Salomon*, in warre so stoute a Prince,
As raigned not yll *Hector* came, nor liued neuer since:
Then *Scuola*, moze firme, which for his cuntries turne,
His hand from arme befoze his foes, in fierie flame did burne.
He in the pride of peace, delights in marciall shewe,
Doe marke his turnoys vpon horse, note well his vse of bowe.
Pay marke him yet that shall, note well his paynesfulness,
No sugred slepe can make him frend to sluggish Idlenes.
What that becomes a Prince, in his god grace doth want:
In peace, a courtier for the Courte, a second *Mars* in camp.
Thus skyll they sounge, whose notes were cause of my reliefe,
And I betwapped in a Traunce, had cleane forgot my greife:
And triple were my ioyes, ones, cause my paynes were past,
And twise agayne, because that Prince amongst vs here is platt.
I clapt my handes for ioye (alas) I wakt withall,
And then my muses and their songes, my ioyes were gone and all.
And then retournd my greife, I felt a further care,
Because to shew what I had seen, did passe my power so farre:
And that a man vnlearned, of arte that hath no skyll,
Should haue a charge so great as this, and could doe it so yll.
Yet thus I gan to wright, I knew right well that he,
Which due desert did thus commend, should haue the want in me:
To whome I pray the Lorde, to send like yeares a Noye
In happie health and quiet state, to his and all our ioye.

FINIS. Ber. Gar.

Imprinted at London without Aldersgate
in little Britaine, by Alexander Lacy.

A Dittie

In the worthe praise of an high
and mightie Prince.

When heapes of beaue hap, had filld my harte right full,
And sorow set forth pensiuenes, my ioyes away to pull:
I raunged then the woods, I romde the fields aboute,
A thousand sighes I set at large, to seeke their passage out.
And walkyng in a dompe, or rather in dispaire,
I cast my weeping eye a side, I saw a fielde full faire:
And lokyng vpwarde than, I spied a Mount therein,
Which *Flora* had euen for her life, deat as you haue not seen.
Then could I not but thinke the same some sacred place,
Where God or Goddes such did dwell, as might releue my case:
I sat me downe, for whie? Death could but stop my breath,
And to a man so sorowfull, what sweter is then death?
No soner was I set, but slepe approcht mine eye,
Wherein the *Pymphes of Helicon* appeared by and by.
And straight those sisters nine, the ground of Musicks arte,
By thought did striue who might preuaile, to ease my beaue harte.
The cunning they shewed there, the subtile notes they sounge,
As w a wrettl clene from my hart (my thought) the cares they wrounge:
Celestiall were the notes, which then (amazde) I hearde,
Their ditties eke were wonderfull, note ye whome they preferde.
As for thy bloud (q they) right noble we confesse,
Thy pettigree (to long for vs) the Herald can expresse.
But happie happie Duke, the second chyld of Fame,
Which (next vnto the highest) he doth so recoumpt the same.
And happie Thomas ones, twise happie *Posfolke* toe,
Thise happie men that leade your liues, where Howard hath to doe:
Which Howards happie daies, they prated God to encrease,
Thise times the space of *Natures* course, like *Nessor* liue in peace.
What age hath seen his like, so free of purse and tounge?
Where liues a iustice now, though rare in one so young:
What plaint can there be tolde, to his most godlie eare?
But that he kepes the other skyll, the blamed soule to heare:
In mekenes he moze meke, then is the mekest Doue,
Yet is his secret wisdom such, he knoweth whome to loue:
In frendship, he surmounts *Gisippus* and his *Tite*,
All Nobles may well note his race, and thereby take their lighte.
In peace a *Salomon*, in warre so stoute a Prince,
As raigned not tyll *Hector* came, nor liued neuer since:
Then *Scuola*, moze firme, which for his cuntries turne,
His hand from arme befoze his foes, in fierie flame did burne.
He in the pride of peace, delights in marciall shewe,
Doe marke his turnoys vpon horse, note well his vse of bowe.
Pay marke him yet that shall, note well his paynesfulness,
No sugred slepe can make him frend to sluggish Idlenes.
What that becomes a Prince, in his good grace doth want:
In peace, a courtier for the Courte, a second *Mars* in camp.
Thus skyll they sounge, whose notes were cause of my reliefe,
And I betwapped in a Traunce, had cleane forgot my greife:
And triple were my ioyes, ones, cause my paynes were past,
And twise agayne, because that Prince amongst vs here is platt.
I clapt my handes for ioye (alas) I wakt withall,
And then my muses and their songes, my ioyes were gone and all.
And then retournd my greife, I felt a further care,
Because to shew what I had seen, did passe my power so farre:
And that a man vnlearned, of arte that hath no skyll,
Should haue a charge so great as this, and could doe it so yll.
Yet thus I gan to wright, I knew right well that he,
Which due desert did thus commend, should haue the want in me:
To whome I pray the Lorde, to send like yeares a Noye
In happie health and quiet state, to his and all our ioye.

FINIS. Ber. Gar.

Imprinted at London without Aldersgate
in little Britaine, by Alexander Lacy.

